VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

$1,00 Per Annum, In Advance. "Hearken to me, I also, will show mine opinion." Single Copies, Three Cents.

VOLUME 1. FITCHBURG MASS., THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1845. NUMBER 11.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By an Association of Workingmen
W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

TERMS.—$1,00 Per annum if paid in advance.
1,25 after six months.
1,50 at the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISING—at the usual rates.

All communications relating to any department of the paper or office should be directed POST PAID to the Voice of Industry," Fitchburg, Mass.

Poetry.

From an Old Paper.

MY NATIVE HOME.

O'er Breezy hill or wooded glade,
At morning's dawn or closing day,
In Summer's charming pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver ray;
The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his native home.

While at the foot of some old tree,
As meditation soothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling streams or whispering wind,
His vagrant still shall roam,
And lead him to his native home.

Tho' love a fragrant couch night weave,
And fortune heap the festive board,
Still memory will tire to grieve,
And reason scorn the festive board;
While he, beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen,
While pomp, and pride, and power appear,
At best the glitt'ring plague of men;
Unsought by those that never roam,
Forgetful of his native home.

Let me to summer's shades retire,
With meditation and the Muse,
Or round the social winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse;
The winds may howl, and waters foam,
I still shall tire my native home.

And oh, when youth's ecstatic hour,
And passion's glowing noon are past,
Should age behold the tempest lower,
And sorrow blow its keenest blast,
My shade no longer doomed to roam,
Shall find the grave a peaceful home.

THE WORKING CLASSES IN ENGLAND.—N. Willis, in a letter to the Mirror, gives the following account of the working classes of England:—"During the four or five hours that I was playing the hanger-on to a vulgar and fussy custom house office at Liverpool, one or two contrasts crept in at my dull eyes—contrasts between what I had left, and what was before me. The most striking was the utter want of hope in the countenance of the working classes—the look of dogged submission and animal endurance of their condition of life. They act like horses and cows. A heavy equipage goes by, and they have not the curiosity to look up. Their gait is that of tired donkeys, saving as much trouble at lifting as possible. Their mouths and eyes are wholly sensual, expressing no capability of a want above food. Their dress is without thought of more than warmth and covering, rags covered with dirt.

Their voices are a half not above a grunt. Indeed, comparing their condition with a horse, I would prefer being an English horse to being an English Working man. And you will easily see the very strong contrast there is between this picture, and that of the ambitious and lively workingmen of our own country.

Another contrast strikes, probably, all Americans on landing—that of female dress. The entire absence of that ornamental—of anything, indeed, except decent covering—in all classes below the wealthy, is particularly English and particularly un-American. I do not believe you would find ten female servants in New-York without (pardon my naming it,) a bustle. Yet I saw as many as two hundred women in the streets of Liverpool, and not one with a bustle. I saw some ladies get out of a carriage who wore them, so that it is not because it is not the fashion, but simply because the pride (of those whose backs form but one line) does not outweigh the price of the bran. They wore thick shoes, such as scarcely a man would wear with us, no gloves of course, and their whole appearance was that as females in whose minds never entered the thought of ornament on week days. This trifling exponent of the condition of woman in England, has a large field of speculation within and around it, and the result of philosophising on it would be vastly in favor of our side of the water."

Quills are things that sometimes are taken from the pinions of one gooke, to spread the pinions of another.

Society *hangs* individuals to convince mankind of the awful sin of taking human life.

To be abused by fools, and praised by men, is the way to establish a good reputation!

SELECTED TALES.

ONE DOLLAR;

OR KINDNESS REWARDS ITSELF.

"Father," asked a little son in a voice that indicated anxiety, "won't you give Mr. Jennison a few dollars?"

"A few dollars—why should I give him a few dollars, my boy? I owe him nothing—he is very poor, and never can pay me again"

"I know he is poor, father, and for that reason I thought you would give him something. He works like a slave from daylight till dark, and can only feed and poorly clothe his family.

"What more does he want, my son? He is not starving, else he would be in the poor-house; many others fare no better than he, and I can't make money to throw away."

"What more does he want, did you say?" asked the son, lifting to his father's countenance one of those innocent, expressive looks that speak of a soul unchilled by the freezing sentiments of the world. "You would not like to live as he does. I and my little sister here would not like to exchange places with his little son and daughter. We have every thing we want, and go to school; while they are compelled to stay at home, or run about the streets in ragged clothes, with bad boys and girls."

"No—we should not be contented with their lot; but perhaps they are. Some, you know, my son, are calculated to make money and live elegantly, while others are not; and if they had wealth they would squander it; neither could they appreciate a better condition. Mr. Jennison is undoubtedly one of this sort of people, and probably lives happily as we. He at least is not starving, and when they cannot feed themselves, we can send them such articles as are of little use to us."

"I think, father, they would be much happier with a very few dollars. They could then send William and Mary to school, and would it not be a fine thing for him to go?"

"The school is free, and he can send them if he chooses," said the father.

"Oh! father, if you could have seen William to-day, when I asked him why he did not go to school—he burst into tears, threw his arms about my neck and sobbed most bitterly.

I could hardly keep from weeping myself, and when I asked the matter, he said his father was to poor, he and his sister had none but ragged clothes, and if they went to school, the scholars would point their fingers at them, and they would rather stay at home. As he said this, it seemed his heart would break. I thought, father, if you would give them a few dollars, they could get some good clothes, go to school, and be as happy as we are."

"Mr. Jennison would not be so poor, if he had been economical."

"His children are not to blame for that, father."

"I have no money to give away. We'll say no more of this now," returned the father gruffly.

Charles retired, grieving for those with whom he so deeply sympathized.

Mr. Lambert, though sharing the frailties too generally prevalent, was nevertheless kind to his children. Like too many others, he would give them money to squander upon rivalling and enervating luxuries while the appeals of those compelled to forego the comforts of life, could not wring a pieayune from his convulsive grasp. He was liberal to Charles and Julia, and freely discounted to each a dollar whenever they asked, provided their demands were not too frequent.

Charles resolved to expend no more of his allowance for that which was in reality no benefit, and persuaded his sister to imitate his example. Thus, though a slow mode of obtaining money for the object in view, they prosecuted with patience, being particularly careful to make demands as often as the father would give without asking any questions.

Months passed, when Charles and his sister were seen wending their way to the shattered residence of Mr. Jennison, like decending angels on an errand of charity. The creaking door opened, and to the surprise of the mother and the aged grandfather, who was already tottering on the grave, these children of wealth and proud parents entered, and enquired for William and his sister, as they had come to make them a visit. Charles, it is true, had frequently visited William, but never before had he come as now, smiling so pleasantly with his sister.

The young friends were called in, and received with every expression of kindness that could escape from hearts too young to dissimulate and too honest to be hypocritical. Their tattered dresses caused William and his sister their only embarassment, but they were made to understand that this, instead of being displeasing, increased the kind regards of their more fortunate friends. They at once engaged in free conversation concerning the day school, the Sabbath school, the teachers the scholars, and other matters in which they were interested. Mrs. Jennison expressed sorrowful regret that her children were not able to enjoy these blessings, and an occasional tear could be seen coursing down the cheek of William, as he reflected on his and his sisters destitution.

"Don't mind it William," said Charles, "for we know all, and have come to give you some assistance. Here, Mrs. Jennison, are ten dollars which I have saved for the purpose of enabling William to go to school with us, and here my sister has saved ten dollars from her expenditures in toys, for the purpose of enabling Mary to attend school also; take it, Mrs. Jennison."

William sprang from his seat, and with gushing tears of joy, grasped his benefactor by the hand, but spoke not, for it was the heart that thanked, and not the tongue. Mary fell upon the neck of Julia, and kissed her for her goodness. Mrs. Jennison, after recovering from the surprise occasioned by the scene, fell on her knees, and fervently thanked her God for giving the world beings of such disinterested kindness, and invoked a shower of blessings on their sacred heads. Neither did the venerable grandfather remain unmoved by the thrilling spectacle he witnessed. Though grown sere by the withering frosts of many winters, his feelings were not blighted. His countenance, though wrinkled with age, seemed to catch new expression, and his eyes, dimmed by the mists of years, appeared to sparkle again. He put aside his old bible, moved his spectacles upon his brow, and, like the patriarch of the scrptures, laid his withered hand upon the heads of the young benefactors, and with uplifted eyes pronounced them blessed. He then conversed with them long and earnestly; giving them a portion of his own history, which forcibly illustrated the mutability of human fortune; and also some excellent advice, which he concluded by saying: "Be wise and virtuous, and you will be happy; love God and your fellow-beings, and they will love you in return. I have but a few more days to stay, therefore take my counsel as from a dying man." The aged veteran ceased, brushing a tear from his furrowed cheek.

The day passed, and our young benefactors departed, assuring William and Mary of their continued friendship, and inviting them into their Sabbath school classes. Hand in hand they returned to their home, warmly expressing the pleasure they enjoyed in thus assisting the disheartened.

"O! Charles," said Julia, "this is better than all the sweet meats we ever tasted."

"Indeed it is," he replied, "I'll not give another cent for such unnecessary things."

But a few days elapsed before William and his sister took their seats in the school room. The teacher and scholars were astonished at their genteel appearance, and began to enquire if some estate had not suddenly fallen to their parents. They were far behind most of their own age in learning but regularity and diligence soon repaired all deficiency. On Sunday they took their seats in Charles and Julia's classes, and caused parson, superintendants, and all to wonder at the extraordinary change.

Charles and Julia continued to bestow their one dollar gifts for the benefit of their young friends, until they had the high satisfaction of seeing two individuals, through their means, become the most intelligent, virtuous and agreeable of the whole village. Their attachment did not abate as their years increased. As the young lady and gentleman, they took their stand high in society, for virtue can never fail in giving the possessor pre-eminence. Amid the honors paid to the intelligence and amiability of their youth, William and Mary did not forget their origin, neither did Charles and Julia relax that love for their fellows, which seemed so active a portion of their character.

Under brilliant prospects, they all settled down in active life, with companions pleasant and happy as they. Every thing smiled about them, hearty friends rallied around, and all delighted in their society.

Years passed of uninterrupted prosperity. William Jennison became independant, and Charles Lambert added to his patrimony. Their unbending integrity secured them business; their pleasantness of intercourse with all, their kindness and sympathy towards the poor and afflicted, acquired for them the admiration of their fellows.

Years still passed—William became wealthy, but Charles met a reverse. One of those unforeseen accidents which cannot be avoided by man, stripped him of all, and left him penniless. Wealth not being his god, as it is of too many, he cared nothing for his loss, only as it diminished his power of doing good, and of properly training up the family entrusted to his charge. Having done business upon the 'ready pay' principle, his conscience was at ease, for he "owed no man any thing." But he had a wife, sons and daughters, and it was beyond his power to support and educate them. The thought that his family must live upon the cold and pinching charity of a selfish world, was any thing but agreeable to one who had heretofore had an overflowing abundance of every thing needful. But still more aggravating was the thought, that his children must grow up without a good education, which he had thought more of bequeathing to them than gold, silver, houses and lands. In this extremity, the "one dollar", appeared to his relief in the person of William Jennison, who seemed glad of an opportunity of pouring out his money at the feet of the benefactor of his boyhood. Again was rekindled the ardent sympathies of their youthful hearts. That scene of heavenly sweetness enacted in the shattered residence of Mr Jennison many years previous, appeared before them again in all its reality. The mother and aged grandfather were transfigured before them. Mr. Jennison thrillingly shook the hand of his unfortunate friend, and with tears gathering on his eye-lids said:

"I thank my God for an opportunity of paying a hundredth part of the debt I owe you. Give yourself no uneasiness on account of your loss, for your family shall be supported, and your children educated, even better than my own."

Mr. Lambert could only reply, "God bless you, my beloved Jennison," and the wife repeated the blessing, and the children gathered round him as one sent from heaven to repair all their misfortunes.

"Consider me not as a benefactor," returned Jennison, "for I owe my all, my respectability and wealth to your youthful kindness to a boy and his dear sister, whose parents were too poor to fit them for school."

Thus, as the "one dollar" gifts so nobly expended, increased a hundred fold the happiness of their youth, so now the adversity of Mr. Lambert, enhanced a hundred fold their joys in manhood; and they felt what they had not appreciated before, the reality of those pleasures which spring from a deed of goodness.

Literary Journal.

THINKING.

Thinking maketh the man. By this we mean that no man can be great without thinking; for manly and praiseworthy actions, no less than mighty efforts of mind, owe their origin to this source. Had not Washington been a man of thought, of strong thought, of thought made strong by habitual exercise, he would never have been commander in chief of the American army; he never would have arisen to any station sufficiently eminent to secure his name a place on the pages of history.

The arts depend upon thinking minds as well as skillful hands for their advancement. Genius must conceive before it can execute. Galileo could not have invented the telescope any more than Newton could have discovered the laws of matter, without this exercise.—The instrument of music must be invented before the minstrel can touch the keys. The spinning jenny must first be constructed in the mind. So we see the fine arts and the mechanic arts are reared upon this simple basis, the exercise of thought.

Science owes every thing to thinking. Here sprang her birth, here has depended her growth, and here have resulted her astonishing perfectabilities. Philosophy and all her coeval sisters, were reared in the lap of thought; and the younger children of science have sprung from the mighty throes of later minds.

Since, then, all that is beautiful in the world of letters, all that is valuable in the range of art, and all that is great and permanently glorious in human character, result from thinking, who would deprive himself of the pleasure and benefit of this manly exercise? Would any one? Yes! strange as it may seem to him who has reaped the joys of this process of labor, some never think, or at the most they

"——never had a dozen thoughts in all their life."

The mind of a person of this character is a little, almost empty pool, still, stagnant, self-infecting; a dead sea in miniature, shut out from the commerce of thought, receiving nothing, yielding nothing.

Some persons, again, think only the thoughts of others. Having none of the flights of originality, they are unconscious of its delights; and their inner life is filled up with all the dullness of the most unbroken monotony.—They cannot rest the eye of their mind upon a single thought and claim it as their own.—But though to be pitied, they are not to be dispised as wholly worthless. The man who will catch the thoughts of others, and devote them to beneficial purposes, does not live quite in vain. The bed of a stream is serviceable, though not so much so as the spring whence gush the waters that flow over it.

But lastly, there is a class of persons whose sources of thought are mainly at home. They elaborate for themselves. From their ranks spring the heroes of the earth and all around whose names cluster the sunbeams of glory. From this class comes each individual who sways the smallest mass of mind, and whose opinions have the least weight. A beautiful writer, himself an original thinker, speaking of the man of this stamp, says "he is an original source of influence. He stands firmly fixed on the adamantine rock of his own clear convictions, against which the turbulent waves of human opinion dash harmlessly, and break and foam, and retired. But from this immovable stand he utters a voice which the elements hear and obey. Such a man, with respect to other men, is neither planetary nor reflective, but fixed and self-luminous. He flings a light abroad from the living fountains of his own intelligence. * * * Olymian Jove, shaking the material heavens and earth with his nod, and hurling his thunders upon the aghast and disconcerted giants, does not 'with half that kingly majesty dilate our strong conceptions,' as a simple man, with no outward ensigns of authority, swaying to and fro a vast multitude of intelligent mind by the strength of his lofty eloquence, and demolishing the citadels of error by the might of his irresistable logic."

The pleasure which the original thinker enjoys are of the strongest and most exalted character. When engaged in his favorite exercise, almost every moment he is thrown into the thrilling ecstacies of a consciousness that a child of thought is born into the world. But the field which we have now entered, has been passed over, every inch of it, by him from whom we have before quoted; and we know not how we can better conclude this article and better encourage the young reader to aim after originality of thought, than by making another extract. Says this writer, "the original thinker carries about with him a pleasing and elevating consciousness of inward power; of resources independent of the vicissitudes of the outward world. Deprive him of all extraneous sources of instruction and knowledge—shut from his view the bright heavens and the green earth—take from him his most valued possession—the lofty and inspiring productions of congenial minds—incarcerate him in a dungeon where no straggling ray of daylight can reach him. What then? He can turn to the world within, and listen there to voices of higher wisdom, and drink at fountains of richer knowledge, bubbling up from the clear depths of his own spirit, than ever he heard or tasted without. He can create a brighter heaven and a greener earth than those of which his senses are deprived—where a more glorious sun sheds clearer splendors, where landscapes smile in livelier sheen—where more inviting groves are waved by gladder breezes, and resound with sweeter songs. As to books, give him a pen, ink and lamp, and he will make a book which a world shall read enraptured. Some of the most extraordinary productions of the human mind, which have delighted, and instructed generation after generation, came from men of deep original thought, while immured in dungeons. And finally there is a lofty pleasure, which none but the original thinker feels, in the consciousness of being engaged in the sublime pursuit of fulfilling his individual destiny.—Original thought is 'the stirring of the divinity within us,' and every throe advances our whole nature towards the dignity of angelic intelligence."—*Western L. Messenger.*

FRIENDSHIP.

How dear a gem is Friendship. It sweetens the bitter cup, and smooths the thorny path of life. How pleasing the idea, how animating the thought, that we have friends.—How much to be prized is a true friend in whom we may always confide. But some may ask, who are my friends, and how may I know them? Let me ask, how did the man that fell among thieves, know which was his friend? You would readily answer, The Samaritan; because he showed mercy.

A true friend, whose heart is drawn out in sympathy with those around him, who is ready to speak a word of consolation to the afflicted and whose hand is ready to administer relief without expecting recompense, is to be prized above the sparkling gems of earth.

But a false friend is more to be dreaded than an avowed enemy; for we know the design of an enemy is to injure, but a false friend is like a serpent coiled in the grass, lying in ambush for its prey, and its unhappy victim is ensnared before he is aware that danger is near. Some will be our friends while prosperity blesses along our pathway; then all goes on pleasantly and harmoniously; but when adversity, with its chilly blast, sweeps away the flowers of prosperity, and naught but the leafless stock, the recollection of the past, remains; then we look around for our friends. Alas! they are gone!—yes, gone when we most need them.

But to obtain true friends, we have a part to act; we must show ourselves friendly, to our acquaintances, to friends, and those with whom we associate.

"The Deil's among ye takin' notes."

We learn from the bible that we are one great family of one common father, and the great object of our creation was, that we should live for our creator by keeping his commands. But who is there, amidst their high professions of creeds and pledges, to be the soother of lifes woes and ills; who to show an aggreement of words with their professions of loving their neighbors as themselves.—Works must be the test of our faith. At the longest, human life is exceedingly brief. A little time and this striving for the mastery of the high and large places of earth's dominion will be forgotton in the ocean of eternity, and happy it would be if the spirit which causes this unholy strife could be forgotten also; but that will live to be a curse for ages—these things grow with a growth, and strengthen with a strength much to be feared. If man is at his *wits end in contriving* against a supposed evil, for a present and *supposed benefit*, let him beware, lest, in the blindmoss of his zeal, he substipute a greater one; and, if they themselves do not feel its direful effects their posterity may, for priviledged orders do not extend to every generation.

Many, through a blind zeal, thought they were doing service, not only to those whom they pledged themselves to serve, but God's service. So thought the inquisitors of the Holy(?) Imquisition when they saw the burning of the heriics, to light their path to glory. From such glory good Lord deliver us. The popular religion of the day is, that you live for yourself and the glory of man; and whoever recieves this doctrine of man-worship which is diametrically opposite to the true worship of Heaven as light is from darkness. It paralyzes the best emotions of the soul, and if left unrestrained, rushes on even to exalt itself above the Almighty. Self-love is a fire which burns to the lowest hell, ever changing like the chameleon, quite as imperious in its requirments as that haughty king of Babylon who required the life of those who refused to yield to his commands. But *this* power requires not only *screws* but *caps*. Oh! give me liberty or death. If thi a manufacturing monopoly were as quick and ready in their plans to equalize the price of labor, as it is to providing means against it, and to immortalize their name by unloosing their burdens instead of adding new ones, as it is of building and having their names carved in stone, there would be no just cause for complaint. There are such high and lofty views entertained by man of his own pre-eminence, that he cannot rest unless he has something going on without, to answer those high views within; therefore, Babel-like, he is ever aspiring to raise his towers, and if there were no impassable bounds, would reach them to the heavens, that their *name* might be *placed high*, even though it be at the expense of those who toil for a pittance daily. It may be said of this power in its course, what Rehoboam the king of Israel answered those who come saying, "thy father made our yoke heavy, but make thou it lighter; "I will add to your yoke" is a truth which each day brings fresh evidence to a demonstration. It has been affirmed of the operatives that, if they recieved more pay, it would only be abused in spending it for that which is of no use; that may be, for this is a generation that cannot be said to live from a principle of use, so long as they bow at fancy's shrine, and worship the goddess, Fashion. But will those who labor fourteen hours per day for support, be any more inclined to abuse and misspend the little they have, than those who consider labor derogatory to their noble selves—and time of no more importance than to spent over a useless plant, while, at the same time, objects of mercy and distress are passed unheeded? And why? because *their* religion does not teach them to be merciful, "like priest like people," the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and, if there be any rule of right for a few, by *bolts*, and *wrenches*; and extortion in trade, for the sake of gain, with no better purpose than to lord over what which it is not their prerogative to rule, for the earth is the Lord's and he alone is the rightful sovereign, it must be right for all to use the same means according to their circumstances and ability. And whoever watches the tide of these complicated works needs to be full of eyes, like the living creature Ezekial saw in his vision, or they will be deluged by the wonderful patents and rare inventions of the day, for many of these marvelous automatons, like Pharaoh's kine, devour before them, and, like the annimal man their course might be straight-forward, or on all-fours, moderate, or, with the speed of lightning, chequered or plain, devil or saint as best suits their convenience, for self interest is the great stimulus of the whole. It was designed in the begining that man should subdue the earth and keep it; but this order of things has been perverted, and the land and water is made a substitute, and when all the labor-saving machines, and rails, and steam that are afloat in the head shall be made to move on the earth, then that which was designed in its nature for the good of the whole, will be possessed by the few, and those monpolists will move on in riotous living and splendor, while the great mass will be left to fight, kill, and dig their way through, according to their several necessities, and this land, which should be as the garden of the Lord, will be converted into a Sodom. For if man commands the means what but *death* will deter him from his purpose and for what is all this haste and violation of God's commands but to satisfy the desires of avarice that can never be satisfied; for, like the bursting volcano, it is ever throwing out, but still gathering of this death-like lava." "In keeping thy commands there is great reward" especially the Sabbath day, that it may be kept holy. This spirit which so mightily exalteth self, and trampleth under foot the poor, has existed from time immemorial, and, in destroying others, will eventually bring its own destruction. As we sow so shall we reap, is a penetential truth which will elude all our attempts to evade it, as is also, "with what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again," as it respects either good or bad.

Vox Populi.

From the Ohio Eagle.

THE WORKING MEN OF THE EAST.

"Open thy mouth, judge righteously and plead the cause of the poor and needy."—Prov. xxxi. 9.

Large meetings of the workingmen have been held lately in Boston, New York, and other places on the Atlantic border. On Friday evening the 6th ult., a general meeting of the Trades was held at National hall, New York, and arrangements made for future operations. The speeches and general proceedings of the meeting exhibit much talent and energy of action. The chief reform advocated by this and other assemblages of the working classes of the East, is to make the public lands free to actual settlers, and thereby remove honest, poverty-stricken industry beyond the reach of concentrated capital. In the older portions of the country labor is daily becoming more servile, and capital more tyrannical. If the proposed reform will tend to the emancipation of labor, (and who can doubt this?) the democratic party will give it a warm support. Hitherto the conflict between capital and labor has been most unequal. Capital, which ought to be left to take care of itself, has been nursed and pampered by legislation and public opinion, till it has become as proud and insolent as Lucifer himself, and now demands as a right, what it formerly prayed for as a privilege. All the profits of labor must be thrown into the hands of incorporated capital, while labor itself is insulted, spit upon, and too frequently turned out to starve.

If there is a constitutional remedy for this, —a reform which will give to every man, however poor, the privilege of being a freeman in fact, as well as in name—by all that is just let it come. The freedom of the public lands would be a small price for the freedom of millions of MEN, who would otherwise become the spirit-broken slaves of concentrated capital.

We shall endeavor hereafter to notice more particularly the doings of the working men of the Atlantic States. No subject so well deserves our attention. The laboring classes, have few chroniclers and fewer eulogists, while the doings of the commercial, financial and fashionable world, are duly narrated by the press with the most exact particularity.—Yet, among the laboring classes is there to be found more virtue and patriotism, than in any other. Why then should we regard their complaints and plans of reform, with indifference and contempt?—They are weak,—weak in action, patient in suffering,—THAT is the reason. MIGHT then commands respect! Even so. Yes, might gets wealth, and wealth lays up all opposition to the a unjust exactions of might. The laboring classes have only to get might (which they can have any moment) to commend respect, and enforce their just demands. Let them show that they have might on their side, (numbers and concert of action,) and the blarned trumpeters of public opinion will proclaim their greatness far and wide.—Let them also remember that truth and justice alone endure forever.

In seeking a remedy for the evils that so grievously oppress them, the laboring classes may indeed, as they have, commit great errors. They may pursue illusory phantoms, and deceptive reforms, yet they are not on that account to be treated with contempt.—For, remember, these laboring men, so toil-worn, are the wealth producers of the land, and that you Mr. Capitalist, you Mr. Banker, and you Mr. Merchant, Mr. Speculator, Mr. Preacher, Mr. Office-holder, and all you other Misters and Squires who follow well paid and genteel callings,—remember, sirs, you live, laugh and grow fat, by means of their skill and labor, and but for them would have either to go work yourselves, or roam the face of the earth naked and shelterless.

God consecrated labor to noble ends;—man alone, by making it the slave of capital, degrades it to base and wicked purposes.

A WORDS TO MOTHERS.—Mothers, never frighten your children; never shut them up in a dark place, or threaten to, Never tell *white lies* to startle or terrify their tender imaginations. It is not only cruel in itself, but it produces a feeble, excitable state of mind that it may be as lasting as life. Early impressions should always be such as may be profitably retained in all future time. You had much better scold your children them selves and you had better whip them than scold and you had better instruct them than do either. The practice of alarming them into obedience by fictitious stories and frightful allusions to bears, witches, ghosts and goblins, cannot be too severely reprehended.—These things have a paralyzing influence on the mind, that very few, if any, ever perfectly outgrow, and create false impressions that no reasoning can ever fully eradicate.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1845.

THE APPROACHING CONVENTION AT FALL RIVER.—What has been done preparatory to this meeting of the N. England Workingmen? Are our brothers and sisters of the different Associations awake to the subject? We must be active, vigilant and persevering—We must have *union of action*, and concentration of purpose. Our ranks are weak and confused, while they might be strong and harmonious. We have long been our own enemies and oppressors, by refusing to use the just means within our power to free ourselves from the clutches of misused avarice, and the various insidious influences which are making bondmen, dupes, slaves and dependants of those whom God created free, with capacities of self-government, self-protection, and self-elevation. Come brothers, let us arouse to a true sense of our present situation and the great mission which devolves upon us, to forward as friends of justice, truth, our fellow beings around us, and ourselves. Let us not waste our time and energies in contending for petty differences of opinions on trival points of action; but lay hold of the great fundamentals upon which our reform is based—the best good of the race, and work together like christians, friends and brothers, engaged in one noble cause, with one final end—the redemption of humanity, from the thraldom of unholy servitude, slavery and oppression in all their hydra forms. Our field of labor is at present circumscribed; but while we are striving to stay the onward progress of tyranny and lust for wealth and self-aggrandizement, which are sacrificing the happiness, prosperity and lives of our people, (in our own country,) our sympathies will extend to the victims of wrong wherever they exist, of whatever name, nation or color. The antidote which we apply to remedy the evils that afflict the laboring people of N. England, and America, must be *universal* in its application; as all wrong eminates from the same source—whether in America, or England, in kingdoms or republics, at the North or the South, or among Christians or Heathens. Anything short of this will fail to accomplish the philanthropic purpose we have in view—by anything short of this, we shall fail to witness the fruits of our labors upon the action and interest of our generation. We hope our friends at Boston, Lowell, Lynn, Woburn, Fall River, and many other places will see that nothing is wanting on their part, to make the coming Convention what it should be, and what it may be, if the workingmen are true to their trust. Let them prepare themselves to meet together with a firm determination to do what within them lies, to advance the cause of christian, self-evident equality and justice, among men, throwing aside all narrow policies and selfish motives, and viewing their present and future course with large and liberal feelings, exercising the spirit of charity towards those who are opposed to them, but with an uncompromising hostility towards every known encroachment upon the already fully acknowledged and attested rights of mankind at large. Thus may the Convention at *Fall River*, tell upon the future prosperity of our cause—prove a blessing, and send a new ray of hope, to those who are looking for a brighter day, when labor shall be honored, its fruits dispensed in righteous profusion, and its followers elevated, enobled and made truly happy.

Written for the Voice of Industry.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

BY MISS H. J. STONE.

"A Friend, a book the stealing hours secure
And mark them down for wisdom."—Thompson.

Did we all know the real satisfaction which those who are hungering and thirsting after knowledge, derive from new and enlarged views of the sublimities of truth, how differently should we live.

How many years of bliss, think ye, did Franklin live, in that hour when the lightnings of heaven yielded to his philosophy, and he demonstrated to the world a mighty and hitherto unknown truth? O, how are the low, grovelling enjoyments of life cast into the shade, when contrasted with those of the eternally progressive intellect, and ever expansive mind! How is it possible for us, being placed in such an infinitely variagated and sublimely glorious world, with senses and capacities to approach and enjoy, and yet remain in almost total ignorance of the very laws which pervade all its minutest parts and their adaptation to the comfort and existence of our race? Yet so it is, with very many in this day of exalted privileges, and unsurpassed advantages. Why should the frail, perishing body which we inhabit, receive so large a share of our precious time and thoughts, while the mind which so richly repays us for all the care and attention we bestow upon it, is neglected—abused by too many among us? That person who 'secures the stealing hours,' in the ever instructive society of a friend or book, and marks them down for wisdom,' is not only happy and peaceful *now*, but is laying up treasures where neither the moth of time nor the rust of death's dark call can corrode or reach—Treasures, which are *full* of blessedness, flowing from a true knowledge of the Great Author of all mind and matter, the holy laws by which he governs and upholds the universe—the infinite goodness which shines in every event of his providence—the riches of that better, *immortal* life to come—which by faith is already ours; and which will bear the spirit calmly on through all the vicisitudes of life, and at last enable it to sing the song of triumph over death and the grave!

It is true we cannot all become like a Franklin, or a Hemans, but we may by a diligent improvement of time, become useful and ornamental members in society. We may in our spheres be as truly good and great as they. For to whom little is given little is required. And he that gained other two talents was just as faithfully and highly approved by the spirit of Heaven, as he who gained other five. Let this truth ever inspire our hearts to perseverance and continued exertion for a right cultivation of our immortal minds. Let us study the beautiful volume of Nature at every opportunity; for in it we shall find naught but harmony and loveliness, blended with infinite wisdom and unchanging goodness. As we gaze in its ever verdant face we shall become purer, holier, happier beings—the very atmosphere in which we then exist, laden with the perfumed breezes which gently float o'er the Elysian fields of perfect bliss! In the tiniest flower which raises its blushing head to sip the sweet dews of even,' or inhale the pure breath of morn, we see the smile of Jehovah. In the roar of mighty waters, in the deafening combat of the elements above, and in the wild tornado's startling fury and dread effects, we recognize the voice and presence of the Great Omnipotent. Listen we, one moment to the great orchestra of Nature's Temple! O, what strains of harmony swell through its glittering vaults! Can ye hear it child of earth? And yet are there no a nswering tones of sympathy awakened in thy soul—no notes which vibrate in unison with Nature's joyful Choir? If not we pity thee from our utmost soul!—Life to thee, must be unworthy the name. Life! what is it, but the power of appreciating and adorning the Source of all life, light and intelligence! Even the most humble and insignificant of God's works *seem* to do this. And can there be any of all his most perfect and exalted race, who are less inclined to pay their homage to their Maker than brute or insect, which is but of a day? Heaven forbid there should be any such.

On a right improvement of our time, also depends the happiness of those who are connected with us in all the walks of life. If we misspend our time, we are taking away so much from the rightful claims of society. We are in duty bound to be faithful to God, to our fellow creatures, and our own souls. It will amount to but very little for us to talk of *reform* unless its spirit has begun in our own hearts and lives to be manifest! We may preach and write against the evils of community until our heads are blossoming for the grave, and it will be of no avail, unless we point out a remedy and apply it every day in all our intercourse with the world.

There is much said concerning slavery and not without reason, but there *is* slavery in our very midst which demands that our "Voice" should be raised against it, in thunder tones, which shall rouse the careless to duty. It is none other than the cruel slavery of *Sin!*—This *monster* it is, which rivets the chains on all our suffering race here at the North, and at the South! Is there any bondage mental or physical in the Gospel of Christ? Does the true follower of the humble Nazarene, find it in his heart to treat those for whom his blood flowed freely, like the beasts of the field? It cannot be! A *sweet* fountain cannot send forth bitter waters. Jesus hath declared it and we must receive it as the *truth of God!*—*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.*

Lowell, July 1845.

THE MURDER AT EAST KINGSTON.—Several of the young rowdies, who committed the recent outrage at East Kingston, in course of which Mrs. Seavy received a death blow from a stone, thrown by one of the roiters, have been committed to jail at Exeter, to wait their trial in August. The killing having been done in a riotous attack upon the house, made the offence not bailable.

This terrible event is full of warning to a class of young men and boys which may be found in all compact villages. We wish we could make our own an exception. Here were a gang of youngsters bent on a scrape. Various project were started, but for various reasons were abandoned, and it was finally determined that Sevey's house was not just what it should be, and they decided to pull it down.—In course of the fray, murder was committed, and these boys are now in jail to wait a trial for that offence.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

Six bodies have already been found among the ruins of the Fire in New York. Some two or three more remain to be discovered, who are known to be lost.

ROBBERY OF MR. PAINE.

We select the following sketch of the circumstances relative to the robbery of Mr. Paine, from the Sentinel & Reformer:

"It is seldom that larger demands are made upon the credulity of the public than are made by the story of the robberies of Mr. Paine, and the subsequent alledged attempts upon his life.

Mr. Paine is known in this neighborhood as an ingenious person, exhibiting an extravagant, and erratic fancy both in speech and manner, and one who through imprudence or misfortune has several times been subjected to unfavorable suspicions. He has not been supposed to be possessed of pecuniary means, but has been engaged in the manufacturing of mathematical and optical instruments with the aid of capital derived from others.

The beginning of the series of extraordinary events reported to have occurred to him, was at Washington, where he is said to have been attacked by three men while on his way home from the observatory, and robbed of a large sum of money. It is represented that an attempt was made at the same time to take his life, But alarmed by his cries, the assassins had only time to secure his money, leaving him with but little personal injury.

On Wednesday, the 9th ult., Mr. Paine arrived in Worcester, having in his possession a bag said to contain $25,00 or 26,00, in gold, which he exhibited rather carelessly at a public house, and left in charge of the bar-keeper while he attended the circus. The next morning the news came that he had again been robbed while riding alone in his wagon from Worcester to Oxford. The particulars as stated were, that he was shot at from behind a pile of wood, that three balls passed through his legs, that his horse ran and he fell to the ground, and on coming to his senses found three men near him, one of whom, armed with a gun, stood over him and said "Damn you, Paine, do you know my voice?" or words to that effect—that he discharged a revolving pistol at the robbers, who then fled with his money, one of them exclaiming as if wounded.—After this Mr. P. walked two or three miles to his house, without giving an alarm, and dressed his wounds without the aid of a physician. It should be added that he thought he recognized one or more of the robbers as the same who attacked him in Washington.

It was natural that this story should be received with surprise and not a little incredulity, which was increased by the singular conduct of Mr. Paine in relation to his wounds, which he chose to dress himself, on the ground that he had had experience of such matters while an officer in the Texan Navy. On the other hand it was urged that no motive could exist for deception in this case as the money alledged to have been stolen from Mr. Paine was his own, having been received for Texas scrip sold at Washington; and it was not conceivable that a man would inflict such wounds upon his person without some palpable inducement. That he was really injured was said to be evident, as he appeared very sick and feeble, being part of the time "out of his head."

Two attempts have been made to shoot Mr. Paine since the period of the robberies. The first of these attempts was about one o'clock on the morning of the 16th ult., when two bullets were fired into his chamber window and struck near his head in the back of the room in which he lay. The last attempt took place in broad daylight, on Saturday afternoon last.—Mr. Paine was sitting at the door of his shop, conversing with one of the workmen, when he suddenly fell from his chair. While being raised up he asked who had thrown that? On being told that nothing had been thrown, he said then he must have been shot. On examination, his clothes were not penetrated, but a contusion about two inches long was found upon his breast, and a slug that apparently fell from his bosom was picked up on the floor.

To the the above we subjoin a note from Capt. Paine to the Editor of the Transcript on Wednesday.

NO. OXFORD, JULY 29th, '45.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

DEAR SIR,—Please to ask the public to suspend its judgment for a few days. My motives are governed by circumstances, which, if disclosed at present, would defeat the ends of justice.

Yours, H. M. PAINE.

Should that disclosure embrace all that is promised, it will no doubt satisfy those who are sceptical in relation to the robbery and the subsequent attempts on the life of Mr. Paine.

GREAT FIRE AT ST. JOHNS, N. B.—The St. Johns Observer of the 30th ult. contains an account of a most disasterous fire which occurred at that place on the evening of the 29th ult.

The number of buildings destroyed is about 40; and the probable loss in buildings, goods, artizan's tools, furniture, &c. is supposed to amount to $50,000 and upwards. We have not been able to learn the amount of insurance; but some of the heaviest losers, we understand had but little or nothing insured.

The buildings destroyed were all of wood, except two brick buildings. Several of those burnt out saved a part of their goods, furniture, &c., but those near the spot where the fire originated, saved but little.

PATRONIZE THE PRODUCER.

PRACTICAL OPERATION

Mankind are generally apt to talk about that which is uppermost in their minds; and their minds are generally where their interests are; and their interests are likely to be from whence their living comes; and so on, through the different vicissitudes of thought and action. Consequently you hear the professional characters—the lawyers for instance—loudly and earnestly prating about the importance of the 'law,' the awful consequences, &c. The doctor too, demands your attention by his apparently honest and enthusiastic appeal to poor, frail and gullible human nature when he unhesitatingly talks of the wonderful importance of a 'puke' or 'professional advice.' Yes, by his indomitable perseverance, he has really persuaded the community to believe that he is a man of consequence. The priest also, by his untiring exertions has created a public opinion in his behalf, so that all are ready to acknowledge that he, like the former, has a claim on the indulgence and *cash* of the people. And the editor too, has almost miraculously succeeded in accomplishing the object of perverting the public mind to such an extent, that *he* is thought to be a very useful citizen, and the continual drain on the pockets and good sense of people are a natural consequence, which is all proper and right in a high civilized state of society. Then there are the shop-keepers, the speculators, the *par excellence*, oh! they have been so universally—apparently by exclamation, *puffed* into notoriety, an that their reputation is so firmly established that the united exertions of all other classes would prove utterly ineffectual in disabusing the (humbugged) public mind. Oh! that plain ungarnished common-sense would once more sit on the throne of reason, and the transactions of men be seen through unprejudiced and unmystified visions.

The reader is aware that we have for some time theorized on the importance and beneficial results that would accrue by adopting a system of trade so that the goods of the producer could go directly into the hands of the consumer without the aid of those intermediate classes—the speculators. Every man who has thought, or has a capacity for thinking, can at once see that by simply buying and selling any articles does not add anything to its value. Our object is now to speak of the practicability of the thing; because if it cannot be carried out in practice, theorizing is useless. One of the greatest obstacles to encounter in practicing on this principle, is the perversion of the public mind. For a man to sell or exchange only what he or his family produces, he must evidently do business on a small scale, which is far from being popular in these days of corporations and slavery.

One word on the advantage that would be gained by adopting this system, and we will pass on to speak of the more immediate object we have in view. Suppose that only twenty-five per cent, (which is far too low) of the value of all goods remain in the hands of the different classes of dealers, in transfering the goods from the producer to the consumer, could, by a different state of trade, be made to stay in the hands of the producer, and the goods come no higher to the consumer, what a blessing it would be to the working classes. Then they would have one quarter part of their earnings, in addition to what they now have, to educate their children; to provide themselves a home for old age, and prepare to make comfortable and happy the winter of life. The only thing necessary to carry this out, and reap all the blessings, is to buy our articles of consumption of those who produce them. Therefore it behooves all, who have a regard for the well being of the laboring classes, to purchase their goods directly of those who make them.

Let there be such a feeling as this manifested in the community and you would not be under the mortifying necessity of going to the stores or shops to be deceived and jewed, and have the painful reflection of contributing largely to the support, and frequently to the moral and physical destruction of a class who luxuriate on the life's blood of the toiling millions. But you would have such articles as you could place the most implicit confidence in, brought to your own doors by the real producer, who would be ashamed to offer such deceptive trash as you frequently get at the shops which are expressly made for traffic, and not for usefulness to the consumer.

It is said that pedlers are generally dishonest and are as likely to deceive as the more respectable counter-jumper. This may be true to a certain extent, for the inhuman looks and cold and bitter invectives, with which they are constantly coming in contact, is enough to destroy the finest feelings and almost make a fiend of the greatest saint. A kind word or a pleasant look is of as much value to a pedler as a disposal of some of his articles. Just remember this, reader. There has been a good beginning made in this town, and a favorable response in the feeling of the people will be the means of working out inestimable good.

Shoes are the very best article of which we conceive with which this new order of things can be commenced. It requires but little capital to commence the business, and they are largely consumed in the towns all around us. So that with the right spirit among our friends (and there is no earthly reason why we should not be practical friends, for we are all embarked on the same voyage of life and bound to the same haven, therefore we should be careful not to mutinize,) any workman can take a trip to a neighboring town or city on a Saturday afternoon and dispose of his week's work; which is extremely valuable as a healthful exercise, and conducive of many other blessings. We also hope that the farmers and other producers from the towns around us, will bring their goods (which are adapted to this market,) here for sale, and not dispose of them to the speculators. Lynn is the best market in the vicinity. Bring in your goods farmers if you want the cash for them, or if you prefer shoes you can be accommodated in that also. Let us try to make labor, getting an honest living by a disposal of the goods we have produced, respectable. One word, and we have done. That is this; it is of the greatest importance, in fact every thing relies on it that all who intend to sell their own shoes should be extremely careful to make fast work; put in good stock and good work. Try and work into the shoe some of the principles of christianity.—*Lynn* [illegible]

From the Auburn Journal.

Wyatt the Murderer, and J. H. Green, "the Reformed Gambler,"

State Prison, Auburn, N. Y. July 25, 1845.

MR. OLIPHANT—Sir: In justice to an unfortunate prisoner now in chains, awaiting his trial at the next sitting of the Court in this place, I feel in duty bound to say to the public, that whatever Wyatt's character and conduct may have been, or however many murders he may have committed, and may ultimately be revealed to the public through the proper channels,—yet, all Mr. Green has said about Wyatt's having confided to him, that he, with three others, was whipped a thousand lashes at Vicksburg, which had been the cause of seven murders, and that Gordon was the seventh man he (Wyatt) had killed, and that he (Wyatt) positively killed the man at St. Louis, for which an innocent man was hung—and that he (Wyatt) said *he* killed Tucker in 1839 between Natches and New-Orleans, *is untrue*, to my *certain* knowledge.

Mr. Green's visits were all made in my presence, while Wyatt was confined in his cell, a room some 4 by 7 feet in size,—hence all that passed between them could be distinctly heard and known by all three of us.

I have no disposition to injure Mr. Green, but I should do violence to every principle of justice and humanity, were I to remain silent, and see a fellow being tried for his life in the midst of that prejudice which has already condemned the criminal to a thousand deaths, by Mr. Green's published declarations of Wyatt's own confessions of bloody deeds and horrid murders, when in reality, the prisoner has made no such confession to him, by my certain knowledge.

To avoid this unpleasant task, I addressed a private note to Mr. Green, calling for a satisfactory explanation, but in his reply, he utterly refuses a single retraction, and the only alternative left me is to let the prisoner suffer this great injustice, or disabuse the public mind from the wrong impressions made by fabrications of Mr. Green.

I hope to be spared the disagreeable necessity of resorting to the newspaper of the day, to correct any further improprieties of Mr. Green on this subject. If I am not, I will give a specific catalogue of them in my next.

All Editors of newspapers, whether political or religious, are requested to give the above an insertion in their columns, as an act of justice to an injured man, and very much oblige

Your obedient servant,
O. E. MORRILL, Chaplain.

HIGHWAY ROBBERIES are becoming too frequent in the vicinity of Boston. As George. W. Hatch of the Brook Farm Association, West Roxbury, was proceeding homeward he was attacked and robbed by three villains, on Friday evening last. Mr. H. saw a man sitting by the road-side, who said he was sick, and asked to ride. When they were within half a mile of Brook Farm, the fellow began to cough very vigorously. Mr. H. suspected foul play, and drew his knife for an encounter. As the wagon entered a small piece of woods, two men rushed out and demanded Mr. H.'s money; as he stooped to snatch a club from the bottom of the wagon, the villain who rode with him seized him behind and pitched him into the road. The three then choked and beat him to insensibility, when they took from his pocket-book $150, threw him into the wagon, and made off. The horse proceeded to the house with the wagon, and Mr. H. was discovered about 12 o'clock still insensible.—He is confident he injured two of the robbers severely—stabbing one in the side with his knife, and breaking the arm of another with his club. Badly bruised, but not dangerously.

AN UNGRATEFUL VILLIAN.—Mr. J. Goodrich of Bartlett, N. H., had his horse and wagon stolen from him on Saturday, in Baldwin, by a scamp, whom he had taken in to help him along to Portland—having overtaken him while traveling on foot. Mr. G. alighted from his wagon on ascending a hill, in order that his horse might be relieved, and the man was left to drive up the hill—when lo! as he reached the top, he put on the lash; and ran away! Mr. G. traced him to Gorham. The fellow professed that it made him sick to ride in the stage, and therefore solicited Mr. G. to take him in.—*Portland Argus.*

PAUPERISM *alias* FOURIERISM.

Nearly $310,000, is annually paid by the tax payers of Massachusetts for the support of paupers. In the new state of society proposed by Robert Owen, Fourier, and their associates, it is contemplated to do away with not less than nineteen-twentieths of this expense by making all men industrious, temperate and frugal. By giving to *all* suitable employment and adequate remuneration, it can be readily seen how easily this may be effected. But a moral revolution, such as the world has never yet undergone, and which, when once fully commenced, can never be stayed short of the consummation of its glorious designs, will be nescessary to effect this *one*, to say nothing of a thousand other desirable objects. The combined efforts of "Religion, Liberty and Law"—each for more than 1800 years, professing to aim at *Man's* moral and physical elevation—have proved abortive in ridding the world of misery, though each in its turn has brought to its aid torture and death in every form to effect the object. How much more sublime and beautiful then will this new system for Man's redemption from the thraldom of "inevitable woe," appear, if without the shedding of blood, in the noiseless course of harmony and love, it gloriously triumphs over the pride and prejudice of a cankering aristocracy, the haughty self-conceit of salaried idlers and the pompous insolence of the bar. God speed the reformation.—*Vox Populi.*

The iron works at Pittsburg and Alleghany city are all stopped in consequence of a 'strike' made by the Welsh *puddlers*. The Age says:

By the combination of these Welshmen not only are the works stopped, but hundreds of workman in other departments, rollers, coal diggers,&c., thrown out of employment. It is very singular to us that Americans do not learn to puddle. This branch yields higher pay than mechanics in any other business can earn, and is monopolized entirely by Welshmen, who will learn nobody but their own kindred. They have it in their power at any time to stop all the iron mills in the country, so far as their part of the work is concerned. How would this operate in time of War? The subject is, certainly, worth enquiring into.

Mr. John Buttrick, of Lowell, Mass. has in his possession, the first gun which was fired at the British, by organized force, in the war of the revolution. It was used by his grandfather, who commanded the minute-men assembled to oppose the Brittish army which marched out of Boston on the 12th of April, 1775, for the purpose of destroying the stores at Lexington and Concord.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN BALTIMORE.—A fire occurred about half past three o'clock on Tuesday morning, at the "Franklin Works," about seven miles from Baltimore, owned by Messrs. Wethered & Brothers, in a large three story building, used as a wood house and store. This extensive building, and most of the goods in the store, were entirely consumed. The loss, we understand, will probably be from $20,000 to $30,000. Insured, $13,000.

THE LOST $5,000 RECOVERED.—We learn from the N. York papers that a large portion of the $5,000 in gold that were stolen from the New York and New Haven Express, a few weeks since, was found on Thursday evening, concealed beneath the wharf, at the foot of Peck slip, N. Y. where the steamer usaally lies.—*Ex. Paper*

GAMBLING IN FRANCE.—"The rage for gambling," says the National, "has assumed gigantic proportions. It has not only seized young people; but men occupying places usually held to be sacred, indulge in that dangerous passion with frenzy. We have been told that a certain notary lately lost in one night, the sum of £3000. Every night, companies meet at some of the first rate *restaurateurs* in Paris, for the purpose of gambling, where the loss amounts frequently, to 5000, 10,000, 30,000 and even to 50,000 francs.

General rules don't apply in all cases.—We once knew a man who was so careful not to give offence, that in speaking of general faults, he would qualify his remarks by saying, "present company excepted." He chanced to be in company with some ladies, and spoke of an absent one as the ugliest person he ever saw, present company excepted. Now this mistake was perhaps worse than that made by the boy who, speaking of the greatest man he ever saw, was told by his mother he must always except their minister. A few days after he rushed into the presence of his mother, and exclaimed, "Mother, I have seen the greatest hog down town that I ever saw, except our minister!"—*Ex.*

PULPIT OSTENTATION.—How little must the word of God be felt in that place, where the high functions of the pulpit are degraded into a stipulated exchange of entertainment on one side, and of admiration on the other; and surely, it were a sight to make angels weep, when a weak and vaporing mortal, surrounded by his fellow-sinners, and hastening to the grave and to the judgment along with them, finds it a dearer object to his bosom, to regale his hearers by the exhibition of himself, than to do in plain earnest, the work of his Master, and urge the business of repentance and faith, by the impressive simplicities of the gospel.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

During a heavy thunder storm in New York last Monday night, Mike Walsh was knocked down by the lightning in Elm street. The great subterranean lay senseless for a while, but finally recovered his understanding, and walked off as if nothing had happened.

The Hon. John Pope died at his residence in Washington county, Ky., on Saturday week. His death was sudden, caused by a stroke of paralysis.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—The Boston Post mentions that "measures are in progress, which will insure the completion of a line of Telegraphs between Boston and New York during the present season." Mr. George E. Pomeroy, formerly of the Express lines, is the contractor for making that section of Telegraph.

We understand that Mrs. Green who was lately murdered at Troy, was formerly a resident of this town.

A meeting of Slaveholders at Port Tobacco, Charles Co., Md., was convened lately to devise measures to prevent the elopement of their slaves. The gang recently arrested in Montgomery Co., belonged in that vicinity.

☞ Why do they elope?

John Jacob Astor's loss at the late fire in N. York is said to be $100,000—one-sixth of his annual income.

We have word from Captain Rynders, the notorious chief of the Empire Club, that he intends to come out here and give us a thrashing. We hope, that if he comes on such an amiable mission he will not labor under the same disadvantage in regard to a fist fight as when he last travelled through our city. The scoundrel was then *handcuffed.—Louisville Journal*

A single Physician in Philadelphia, was on one day a week or two since, called upon to attend ten cases of *coup de soliel*, or sun stroke.

The Postmaster General has instituted a suit against Mr. James W. Hale, for alledged violations of the new Postage Bill.

THE WIFE. That woman deserves not a husband's generous love who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one man in a thousand that is so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

SUCCESS TO THE RUNAWAYS.—Slaves are running off from Maryland and Virginia almost by the hundreds. If northern people "don't want 'em let loose among us," they had better go in for the abolition of slavery, and then the colored population of the South will stay at home.—*Ind Freeman.*

☞ The absence of the editor this week will account for the want of the usual variety of editorial matter, also, for the late issue of our sheet.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, by the Rev. Mr. Walton, Mr. George W. Rockwood, to Miss Sarah Jane Pratt, all of Fitchburg.

With a liberal hand did they remember the printer in the distribution of the bridal loaf. Now as our young friends have left the "single blessed" ranks, we can wish them no more happiness in the wedded life than did the "rolling of the sweet morsel under our tongues," afford us for a few moments.

In Great Falls, July 31st, by Rev. Mr. McCollom, Mr Joshua P Downing, to Miss Mary Jane Ladd, both of Dover, N. H.

In Boston, Mr. V. M. Homer, of Worcester, to Miss Henrietta E. Holt, of Boston.

In North Brookfield, Mr. Charles Nye to Miss Mary Ann P. Daniels.

In Reading, June 29, by Elder A. Adams, Mr. Almon Davis and Miss Grace Stearns, both of R.

In Groton, Mass., Mr. Isaac Bennett Jr. of Pepperell, to Miss Mary Jane Tarbell, of Groton.

In Lancaster, Ms., July 31, Mr. A. A. Whittemore of Nashua, to Miss Abby Parker, of Groton.

In Hopkinton 22d inst., Mr. Caleb Webster of Nashua, to Miss Lydia T. Stimson of Hopkinton.

In Nashville, on the 3d inst., Mr. David Hobbs Jr. to Miss Drusilla Haskell, both of Nashua.

DEATHS.

In Nashville. 25th inst, of consumption, Mr Charles D. Marshall, aged 22.

In Nashville, July 18, Elijah N. Powers, aged 37.

At the Nashua Alms House, July 7th, Mr James Randall, aged about 52.

In pepperell, Mass., on the 14 Miss Mary Jaquith aged 31.

In New Ipswich, July 22, of consumption, Miss Lydia F. Butterfield, formerly of Pepperell, Mass., aged 40.

In Sandusky City, Ohio, July 5th, Jeremiah S. Cochran, M. D. formerly of New-Boston, N. H., aged 40.

At Providence, 2d inst., Rev. Arthur Granger, 42, pastor of the High street Congregational Church.

In Milford, Aug. 2, of consumption, Mrs. Betsey Jane P., wife of Mr. Charles Clark and daughter of the late Jeremiah M. Goodwin, aged 26.

In Nashua, on the 3d inst., Mrs. Lydia, wife of Mr. Oliver P. Phillips, aged 36 years, 3 months, and 3 days.

In Merrimac, 28th ult., an infant son of Amasa and Margaret W. Estey, aged 4 weeks.

Dr. L. Adams,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Fitchburg Mass.
OFFICE IN SNOW'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST.
☞ All operations warranted.

S. & C. SHEPLEY,
DEALERS IN
Books, Stationery & Cheap Publications,
At Torrey & Wood's new Block.

WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER,
Published every Saturday
By Clement & Faxon,
No. 113 Main Street, Buffalo, New-York.

TERMS.—To Mail Subscribers $1,50 per annum, in advance. Four copies for $5,00, Eight copies for $8,00, and Eleven copies for $10,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail Subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

All communications must be post paid in order to be taken from the Post Office.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All those who wish to transact business with our Association, are informed that Mr. Sanford Sawyer, has been chosen Agent, in place of Samuel Walton resigned, and is the only person authorized to receipt for Subscriptions of stock, and attend to the general business of the concern.

NOTICE.

THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION, at South Boston, holds its regular meetings every Thursday Evening, at the "Bank Hall," on 4th street, near the "South free bridge," and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Library $2,00 a year, for Gentlemen, one dollar, for Ladies. A relief fund is also attached to the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

FITCHBURG ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this INSTITUTION, will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 3d of SEPTEMBER next, and continue Eleven weeks.—Miss LUCY BROWN and Miss MARY E. SHELDEN, will assist in the Female Department.

Tuition.

Common English Branches,	$3,00
Higher English do.	4,00
Languages,	5,00

BOARD in good families on reasonable terms. A few scholars can be accommodated with rooms to board themselves.

For particulars see hand-bills, or refer to
J. R. GAUT, Principal.
Fitchburg, Aug. 7, 1845.

Book and Job Printing,
neatly executed at the
Voice of Industry Office, No. 11, Snow's Block

HANDBILLS, SHOWBILLS, SHOPBILLS, SHOEBILLS, LABELS, TAXBILLS, WAYBILLS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, JUSTICE'S BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, CARDS, CIRCULARS,
and every variety of
LETTER PRESS PRINTING,
With entirely new Materials, and on the most reasonable Terms.

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURES,
Taken by E. Goddard.
At Rooms, in Torrey & Wood's New Block.
LADIES and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens.
Patronage respectfully solicited.
Fitchburg, July 24, 1845.

HENRY J. LOWE,
DEALER IN
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,
RICH JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, &C., &C.
☞ Repairing done in the best manner, at short notice.
Fitchburg, Mass.

E. F. BAILEY,
Bookbinder, Stationer & Bookseller,
No. 6, MERCHANT'S ROW,
Fitchburg, Mass.

HOWARD'S
Fashionable Hairdressing & Shaving Saloon,
IN WOOD & TORREY'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST.
Fitchburg, Mass.

BOOK STORE AND BINDERY.—E. F. BAILEY, would give notice to the inhabitants of Fitchburg and vicinity, that he has taken the Stand formerly occupied by P. A. Crocker, and now offers for sale a general assortment of School and Miscellaneous Books, and Stationery. Blank Books manufactured to order, and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Old Books, Periodicals and Pamphlets, bound in every variety of style, and at short notice.

Paper ruled to any pattern.
Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf.

REMOVAL.—DR. ADAMS, SURGEON DENTIST, has taken rooms at No. 12, Snow's Brick Block, where he will be happy to wait upon all those who are in need of his services. He would also tender his sincere thanks to those who have bestowed upon him their favors, hopeing he shall merit a continuation of the same.

Teeth examined gratis, at the sign of the Golden Tooth.

☞ All operations warranted to be equal to any by whomsoever performed.
Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf.

BRONCHIAL COMFIT; a celebrated remedy for coughs, colds, influenza, &c. For sale at SHEPLEY'S. n1tf.

NEW BOOKS.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, have just received from New York Trade Sale and other sources, a large quantity of School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other Book Store in Worcester County.
Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf

30 KEGS of superior Boston LEAF LARD, for sale by COLBURN & WALLACE.
Fitchburg May 29, 1845. n1tf.

NOTICE. The copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, is this day by mutual consent dissolved.

All Notes and Accounts due the late firm, will be settled by HORACE HAYWARD, and all demands due by said firm, will be adjusted by said HORACE HAYWARD, at the Old stand No. 4, Merchants Row.
HORACE HAYWARD.
SILAS P. BROOKS.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of HAYWARD & BACON; and have taken the store recently occupied by the late firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, where they intend to keep a large assortment of fashionable BOOTS & SHOES, of every description which will be sold low for cash—wholesale and retail, No. 4, Merchants Row.
HORACE HAYWARD,
RANSELLEAR BACON.

MISCELLANY.

HOW A TAILOR COLLECTED A DEBT.

A TRUE STORY.

Near the close of the last century, a Quaker knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them.—The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but like too many others of his cloth, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten.—Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

"I'll try an experiment," said he to himself, "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay."

He immediately prepared an advertisement substance as follows, which was inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette :—"If J——— C———, who was in Philadelphia about the month of———, in 1795, will send his address to the Editor of this paper, he will hear of some thing to advantage. Printers in the neighboring States are requested to copy."—The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New York.

Having instructed the Editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed by a note from the Printer that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New York, might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal proces suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The constable was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker now rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

The man obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me."

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago, of a poor tailor and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"O no" said the gentleman blushing slightly you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wish to find."

"Ah! John! I know thee very well. Thou art the very man I wish to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was of good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"Oh yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself, "I do remember now the circumstances to which you allude.—Yes, yes—I intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend upon my doing so. I have come to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See here is the advertisement which has apprised me of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with impurturable gravity and continued——

"Yes I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest in possession of thy large estates."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What! exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone, you havn't sued me?"

"Yes I have," replied the Quaker, "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened."

"Come in then, said the debtor, finding himself caught, come in and I will pay you, if I must."

The three went into the house together, and the gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late debtor, with feelings such as may readily be imagined. The swindler took it and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "for advertising" when he broke forth—

"Halloo! what's this? "For advertising!" That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"O no, coolly replied the Quaker, that is all right. I have charged you the cost of publishing the advertisement which thou has just showed me!"

Here the swindler uttered a horrid oath, as he demanded, "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker with provoking coolness.

"You told a——lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

Convince me of that said the Quaker, and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault.

"You said I should hear something to my advantage, if I would come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker, I only promised that thou should hear of something to advantage, and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt."

"If I catch you in the street," said the swindler with an oath and in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a cowhiding as will not leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsense now said the Quaker, if thou really intend to do any thing of that sort, we had better step into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely nonplussed by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood silent and petrified.

"Now said the tailor good-naturedly, let me give thee a piece of advice. When thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou hadst better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then thy conscience will not disturb thee and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth's of this story, as we received it sometime since from the lips of the Quaker himself.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MARRIAGE AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.

On the day appointed, the groom and his friends appear at a place in the vicinty of the residence of the bride. He is dressed very gayly, with a small looking-glass around his neck, worn as an ornament. They lounge about untill mid-day; the bride then leaves the house of her father, attended by her female relatives, and moves towards the groom. An old man precedes her with a basket of bread on his shoulders. When he reaches the group, the female relatives rush on him, and scatter the contents of the basket in every direction. He flies and they are after him. At that moment, taking advantage of the confusion, the destined bride flies towards the woods, her attendants hovering around and covering her retreat. The female friends of her lover pursue her, and if she be anxious for the match, it is not difficult to overtake her; if on the contrary, she has been sold by her uncle, without reference to her inclinations, she continues her flight until she falls exhausted, and sometimes, indeed, makes her escape, and wanders off to some distant village, where she is adopted. In ancient times, marriage was a regular matter of barter. The price was never paid to the bride or her parents, but to her oldest brother or maternal uncle. When the bride is caught, she is brought up to the spot whence she started, but by this time the groom has disappeared and is no more seen. She sits down on a sort of cushion, and the friends commence throwing their little presents in her lap. Each female relative ties a ribbon in her hair, or a string of beads around her neck, and the provisions which each guest brings are distributed among the company.—This completes the ceremony. The bride, thus decorated, is led back to her little lodge, adjoining that of her parents. At night, when the family are asleep, her dusky lover silently finds his way to her arms, and in the morning they have disappeared. If you would afterwards see the fawn of the woods, you must seek her in the lodge of her husband, near the banks of some rippling stream. It is very rare that he remains in the domicil of her father.

LIFE.—Life is a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part assunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last.—We are encompassed with accidents ever ready to crush it. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by the hand of nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw our life are impregnated with death, health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay—the soul that animates it by the vivifying fire tends to wear it out by its action—death lurks in ambush along our paths.

There is not a brainless rich man but what thinks himself the superior of the man whom he employs, and that he it is, who favors them, giving them work solely for the purpose of supporting them! Did he know anything of the relative value of labor and capital he would perceive that he was the receiver, not the dispenser, of favors.

PERSEVERING MAN. John Hagan, was arrested in Philadelphia, on Thursday, for the *twenty-ninth* time for beating his wife.—Ex.

EMPLOYERS AND THEIR CLERKS.

At the late Anniversary of the "Benevolent Fraternity of Churches" (Unitarian) in this city, Mr. Park, one of the speakers, introduced the claims of young men employed in our counting-houses, stores and shops. We regard the interest of this class as of far more importance than they are generally allowed to receive, and would cordially second any measures designed to improve employers with a sense of responsibility, and to infuse into the young men a fear of moral contamination, and a desire of improvement and personal worth of character. Mr. P., as we learn from the report in the Christian World, spoke as follows:—Ex.

A host of young men he said had come into our large cities from the country. They had been educated thus far away from the temptations of the city. They have received the moral culture of a parent's fond instructions; they had received the religious principles instilled into their minds in the village church and Sunday school—and at length had been entrusted by their parents to the care of some merchant, tradesman, or master mechanic, believing in confidence that it was no legal fiction but a sweet reality that the employer was to stand in the place of a parent

His attention had been powerfully called to this subject by an incident in his profession. A young man thus from the country had been but a few months in this city, employed in an eminent mercantile house, and boarding at a private boarding house, which had no charm of home about it; and having fallen in with bad associates, was arrested and arraigned at the criminal bar of his country. Mr. P. had summoned his master as a witness to his previous good character, in hopes of a mitigated punisment; and after the usual answer, the judge (now no longer upon the bench, to which he was indeed an ornament,) turned to the master and asked him, "He was at the store when you came down in the morning?—He was there till two? Again in the afternoon untill you returned home?" "Yes."—"Do you know where he spent his evenings? Did he visit your family? Did you advise him to join any literary or scientific association? Do you know where he worshipped on the Sabbath? Did you offer him a seat? And when the amazed employer sxclaimed, he had never thought of these things, they were not customary, the indignant magistrate replied—"Some of the blame lies at your door, as the cause of this unfortunate young man's estrangment from virtue."

While narrating this incident to a class of young men who had met with Mr. P. for some months at the Warren Street Chapel on a Sabbath hour, he had enquired of them each how they had spent the evenings of the week, and had found and commented upon this fact, that those who had spent the most of their evenings at home, in the bosom of their families, had spent their other evenings in the best pursuits. Upon this occasion, one of the young gentlemen had replied, "But, sir, we have no homes, our boarding houses are not homes."

What responsibility then is assumed by employers! What duties do they daily neglect! The father who has daily watched the expanding character of his son, the mother who has prayed at the cradle-side of her little one, that he might bring honor to her instructions, when she is old and infirm; both have trusted to another's care the richest treasure which a beneficent God has given them,—the purity of an immortal soul.

Let then the alarm be sounded. Let the employers of this city be awakened to their tremendous responsibility. Let them think what answer they can give a heart-broken mother who demands of them to preserve the unsoiled leaf in its freshness and purity. Let us, one and all by our personal care, by urging others to their duty in this particular, save our city from becoming the sink of pollution, which too many of our sister cities have become.

Missionaries cannot do it. Chapels cannot do it. We must do this work ourselves. It demands individual action.—*Olive Branch.*

HE WAS MY HUSAPND AND HE LOVED ME.—Some years ago, a Spaniard was arrested in Havana, charged with the horrible crime of assassination. He was known to be a depraved and desperate individual, who had been engaged in piracy, and suspected of other heinous crimes. The evidence against him was conclusive—no voice was heard in his favor, no mitigating circumstances were adduced. He was condemned to the punishment, of the garrotte and the execution took place at the allotted time, without the walls of the city.

The instrument of execution, an iron collar which. by turning a screw, produced instant strangulation, was applied, amid the execrations of the throng which had gathered around for the horrible purpose of witnessing the last dying struggle of a human being—and ere that crowd had dispersed, a woman, young and lovely, but with dishevelled hair and disordered dress, while grief had impressed a livid signet on her pallid cheeks, forced her way through the throng, and rushed frantically towards the terrible apparatus of death.

"Who are you, and what have you in common with that pirate and assassin?" demanded one of the stern satellites of the law.

"Oh" cried the woman in a tone of agony which thrilled every bosom—"*He was my husband; and he loved me!*"

This reckless, bad man, had by some mysterious influence, thrown a chain around the heart of this young and beautiful woman, and united it to his in bonds which could not be broken even by death. All his errors, all his crimes—and they were many and dreadful—were not seen, or if seen and known, they were forgiven or disregarded. It was enough for her *that he was her husband, and he loved her.* This, in her estimation, would atone for all his transgressions. She looked for no more—she asked for no more. Her world of happiness was centered in her husband's affections—and there surely must have been some redeeming trait in the character of the assassin, which could have gained the love of woman, and retained her dearest affections even after his life had been forfeited to the laws, and ignominy rested upon his name. But *he was her husband, and he loved her.*—*Journal.*

"What would our wives say if they knew where we were?" said the captain of a down east schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Ump! I should'nt mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves.

A Mineral Water manufacturer, of Philadelphia, makes and sends off twelve hundred dozens of bottles per day. He supplies sixteen hundred public houses, besides agents in various places, and employs one hundred men constantly.—*Ex.* ☞ Large business that.

STEALING STABLE BOYS.—Mr. Kirkman, the owner of Peytona, publishes a card from Baltimore, expressing his sense of the "gentlemanly courtesy and chivalrous impartiality with which he was treated by the gentleman of the Nothern Turf." The trip to the North was one of unalloyed pleasure, but for "the theft" of two of his stable boys (slaves) by the Philadelphia abolitionists.

The "boys" have probaly undertaken a *foot race* towards the North Star. The prize in *that* race is worth struggling for.—*Tribune.*

REWARDING HONESTY.—A colored servant sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a sixpence on the carpet, which he carried to the owner, "You may keep it for your honesty," said he. A short time after, he missed his gold percil case, and enquired of his servant if he had seen it:—"Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what did you do with it?" "Kept it for my honesty, sir!" The bachelor disappeared.

PAYING LIKE A SINNER. Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern keepers to charge ministers any thing for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presumingly stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night; and in the morning entered the stage without offering pay for his accommodations. The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said, "there was some one in there who had not settled his bill"—the passengers all said they had but the preacher, who said he had understood he never charged ministers any-thing. "What, you a ministers of the gospel, a man of God," cried the inn-keeper, "you came to my house last night, you sat down at the table without asking a blessing; I lit you up to your room and you went to bed without praying to your Maker, (for I staid there until you had undressed;) you rose and washed without prayer, ate your breakfast without saying Grace, and as you came to my house like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner."

FIGHTING MADE EASY.—A late London paper suggests the following proppsition for settling the difficulties between this country and Great Britain, on the supposition that war is inevitable. It would be a great saving of expense:—"For the English Goverment to undertake to level Liverpool with the ground, on condition that the United States Goverment destroy New York! for England to bombard Bristol! and America to burn down Baltimore—and so on with the cities on the seabpard, until sufficient mutual injury has been effected, after which the two governments could settle the matter in dispute by negociation and treaty.

A young couple out West were riding home from church after their marriage. The day had been overcast; and the young man looking up and perceiving that the clouds were breaking away, said "I hope we shall have a little *sun.*" The young wife replied very honestly; "I should much rather have a little *daughter.*

At an execution in Dublin, many years ago, the hangman received a present of a guinea from the culprit. Overjoyed at such an unexpected gift, he exclaimed, "Long life to your honor!" At the same time he drew the bolt that launched the unhappy man into eternity.

An Irish servant girl was requested by a lady to go to one of our dry good stores and obtain a "bed comforter" for her.—About an hour afterwards she returned with one of the clerks. Of course the lady fainted.

A minister in Vermont has forbidden any one to play a violin in his church.—He says, however serious his thoughts may be, the moment he hears a fiddle, he goes to thinking *how he used to dance.*

The man who lost his eye-sight by reading a borrowed paper, has recovered it since he became a subscriber.

BOSTON
THURSDAY MESSENGER,
A Weekly Newspaper
OF MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE AND USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING
FAMILY READING.

The following inducements will, we trust be considered sufficiently strong to place the "MESSENGER" in the hands of at least one family in every village and hamlet in New England, and for that reason, we have fixed the terms of subscription so low that any one who wishes can readily obtain it.

TERMS,
(Invariably in Advance.)

Single copy,—one year,	$2,00
" " six months,	1,00
Three copies of the Thursday Messenger one year, or one copy three years, sent to one address,	5,00
Seven copies of the Thursday Messenger one year, sent to one address,	10,00
Twelve copies " " "	15,00
Seventeen " " " "	20,00

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials, and are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct.—They should always give names and time paid for.

No letters taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid, and no attention given to orders unless accompanied by the money. Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

The terms of the "Messenger" are invariably in advance, no paper being continued beyond the period paid for.

By a provision of the new law, which takes effect in July, all persons residing within thirty miles of the place of publication, can receive the Messenger by mail, free of postage.

Papers copying this, or giving its substance in editorial form, will receive a free exchange by sending us a paper containing it.

Postmasters acting as our agents and furthering the circulation of the "Messenger" will receive a fair per centage on subscriptions, and a copy of the paper.

CLAPP & Co.
No. 5, Water st., Boston.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
MOFFAT'S
VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS
AND
PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES

Of ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS.
BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS.—In the south and west, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers, and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.
BILIOUS CHOLIC, and SEROUS Looseness, BILES, COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, *CHOLIC, CONSUMPTION.* Used with great success in this disease. *CORRUPT HUMORS, DROPSIES,*
DYSPEPSIA. No person with this distressing disease, should delay using these medicines immediately.
ERUPTIONS of the Skin, ERYSIPELAS, FLATULENCY,
FEVER and AGUE. For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent.—TRY THEM, BE SATISFIED, AND BE CURED.
FOULNESS of COMPLEXION,
GENERAL DEBILITY,
GOUT, GIDDINESS, GRAVEL, HEADACHES, of every kind, INWARD FEVER, INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, JAUNDICE, LOSS of APPETITE,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
LEPROSY, LOOSENESS.
MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla.
NIGHT SWEATS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS of all kinds, ORGANIC AFFECTIONS, PALPITATION of the HEART, PAINTER'S CHOLIC,
PILES The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.
PAINS in the head, side, back, limbs, joints and organs.
RHEUMATISM. Those afflicted with this terrible disease, will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.
RUSH of BLOOD to the HEAD, *SCURVY, SALTRHEUM, SWELLINGS.*
SCROFULA, or **KING'S EVIL,** in its worst forms. *ULCERS, of every description.*
WORMS, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS
PURIFY THE BLOOD,
And thus remove all disease from the system.

A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHŒNIX BITTERS beyond the reach of competition in the estimation of every patient.

The genuine of these medicines are now put up in white wrappers and labels, together with a pamphlet, called "Moffat's Good Samaritan," containing the directions, &c. on which is a drawing of Broadway from Wall street to our Office, by which strangers visiting the city can very easily find us. The wrappers and Samaritans are copyrighted, therefore those who procure them with white wrappers can be assured that they are genuine. Be careful, and do not buy those with *yellow* wrappers; but if you do, be satisfied that they come direct from us, or dont touch them.

☞ Prepared and sold by
DR. WILLIAM B. MOFFAT,
335 Broadway, corner of Anthony street, New York.
For Sale by
S. & C. SHEPLEY, Booksellers, Fitchburg, Mass.

Something New.

A FEW doors west of the *New Hotel,* near the RAIL ROAD DEPOT, at the Sign of the big PANTS, is situated the Fitchburg
CLOTHING WARE HOUSE,
where may be found in great abundance the following articles, viz:
SUMMER CLOTHING, OF ALL KINDS.
ALSO—DRESS COATS and a great variety of black PANTALOONS of super Doeskin Blue Black, Cassimeres and Statinetts.
BOOTS of all descriptions, Sizes and Prices. A large assortment of **Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' SHOES.**
Also—an extensive assortment of
PAPER HANGINGS,
at prices which cannot fail to suit.
Paper and Transparent Window Curtains this day received, together with a very large assortment of OIL CLOTH CURTAINS, at prices adapted to every one who may wish for the article.
W. HINDS.
Fitchburg June, 1845. 5tf

SCHOOL RECORD.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, FITCHBURG, have published and offer for sale a School Record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in this record for entering the NAME of each scholar, and the presence, absence, or tardiness for each half day.—Also, the character of his recitations and deportment.
Fitchburg, May 1845. 4tf